GENTLE CHILDREN OF JAPAN

By an American Missionary

"FOR heaven's sake, stop that crying!"

To hear this good missionary English in a nest of Japanese houses—and Japanese houses are so thin that everything the neighbors say is easily heard—was startling. In four months we had never heard any scolding or even a child punished.

This unusual event proved to be in one of those international households not uncommon in the East. It was the Anglo-Saxon half of the child that roared and tyrannized over its submissive Japanese mother.

His English father had bought him a bright blue ulster with brass buttons. In this he strutted up and down Negisha Mura, bossing all the children of the quarter. A plainer instance of heredity and racial traits is rarely seen.

No one was more shocked at John Tashirasan than O Tara, the little niece of our maid, O Yen, "The Honorable Miss Dollar." Even when O Tara had the toothache she smiled through her pain.

"Bad boy," said O Tara. "His rudeness-to-honorable-foreign-lady-is. Evil-matter-to-respected-ears-of-the-augustly-honorable-one-is," with great dignity, and bowing her little head to the floor.

Supposed Never to Cry.

Even Japanese babies are popularly supposed never to cry. This comes pretty near the truth, for the land and all there is in it seem to be theirs.

In any country where Shintoism or ancestral worship prevails the children are bound to have a good time. A son is necessary to carry on the worship of his parents and to keep the ancestral fires lighted.

If a man has not a son, he adopts one or takes another wife. If a woman has not a son, she knows what to expect. Polygamy finds its excuse in religion.

Japanese girls are by no means so highly valued, but, as can be seen, they work into the general scheme. Children being a religious necessity, their place is fixed. Supplementing this is the natural joy of parents in their own progeny and the sense of possession.

Curiously enough, pampered as they are, the children are never caressed. The Japanese regard kissing as vulgar, animal, and unsanitary. Even foreign children would willingly give up being kissed in return for never being scolded or whipped.

When a Japanese child is born everybody brings it gifts. Fish and eggs are the proper presents, particularly eggs, on which the family probably subsists until satiety sets in.

Babies Wear Kimonos.

On the third day it is named and goes to the temple to be blessed by the priest. Girls are generally named after some flower or fruit, as Ume, (plum blossom), or Kiku (chrysanthemum). Boys are nicknamed, as Eitaro (glorious big one), or perhaps Saburo (meaning No. 3, the third boy).

A baby wears layers of those long, easy slips we know as kimonos, which cover its feet and its hands. Consequently, it has no cause for crying when it is dressed.

Even the poorest baby has its daily hot bath. Hot in Japan means 110 degrees Fahrenheit, a temperature that gives even a grown person lively recollections.

Its head is shaved, with the exception of a small tuft, until it is three years old. One of the few repulsive sights in Japan is the number of sore-headed children seen on the streets. These sores are not allowed to heal, the theory being that in this manner all the evil humors of the body are expelled.

When a baby is a few weeks old it is strapped on the back of one of the younger children and sent out into the streets. When our children are being cradled and sung to, the Japanese baby is beginning its education. This seems to explain that expertness of the Japanese nation which within fifty years has become a world power.

The children of the poor play in the streets and the temple grounds, and every third child has a baby on its back. This makes no difference in the games.

The children play battledore and shuttlecock, toss their rice bags, run, jump, and even walk on stilts with the last born nodding its helpless head or perhaps fast asleep, its face turned upward and head lying back on its bearer's shoulders. As the baby gets older it takes an interest in all that is going on, and daily adds to its stock of knowledge.

Children are carried in this manner until they are three years old, and have their dolls strapped on their backs. Thus entertained and with plenty of company, a Japanese child has very little cause for complaint.

Carries Child on Her Back.

Indoors, the mother performs all her household duties with the baby on her back. Our manner of carrying a child in the arms seems very wasteful of time and strength to a Japanese mother, who keeps her arms free and cares for her baby at the same time.

Meanwhile the baby learns to cling with its toes and fingers like a little animal. It unconsciously learns what its elders know, and the precocity of the Japanese children in taking care of shops, in selling and carrying on that exercise of mental shrewdness which farmers call a dicker, is the astonishment of every foreigner.

All boys and girls in Japan have the same birthday, regardless of dates of birth. These the whole country unites in celebrating.

The girls' birthday is called the feast of dolls, and takes place in March. On that day all the dolls of the family for generations back are brought out and ranged on a red-covered shelf.

Among these are the Emperor and Empress. Little lacquer tables are put before the dolls, and for three days food is served to them.

Japanese Are Great Visitors.

A tremendous amount of visiting goes on, and the streets are filled with gayly dressed children going to see one another's dolls, and sharing in candy and rice cakes. At the close of the festival the dolls are carefully packed away with new additions to their company.

There is a common belief that if dolls have enough companionship, in time they will acquire souls. O Tara had a bare-polled doll, which she cared for tenderly. Each day she bathed its eyes in hot water.

"Wherefore, O Tara?" I asked. "It has eyes, but sees not."

"No, Augustly Honorable foreign lady. But if O Tara loves enough, baby see."

The boy's birthday is May 5, and is called the Feast of Flags. Sacred to the boy is the carp, the fish of greatest strength and courage. It alone can leap waterfalls and travel up stream.

The country bristles with flagpoles, and from each wave brilliantly colored paper fish. These fish are made double, and the wind entering the wide mouths swells them out until they seem to be swimming in the air.

Each pole will have half a dozen fish of different hues, and the color effect of this forest of gay masts viewed from some friendly hill is one of those beautiful results that this artistic people know so well how to produce.

Toys Are Innumerable.

The children enter into almost every form of Japanese life. When the mother goes to the temple to pray she brings home gifts for the children. Many of the temple grounds are like a continual fair, with toy and candy booths and open-air entertainments.

Japanese toys are innumerable and cheap. One sen is a half cent. Ten rin make one sen; many of these toys cost no more than one rin.

Here is O Saru, the Honorable Monkey. He is of red cotton, concealing a bamboo spring. Press the spring and he runs up a pole. This costs two rin. A box of soldiers, samurai in full armor, costs 9 rin.

One of the simplest toys is the tombo, or dragon fly. Imagine two pieces of wood, shaped like a T. The upper bar is daubed with color.

By twisting the lower piece and suddenly letting go, the toy darts into the air, dipping, rising, hovering, in its rapid motion, looking like a dragon fly, and making the same humming sound.

The children, too, are in the temple grounds imitating their parents' devotions by shooting prayer arrows, firing rolled-up prayer papers, as our children throw spitballs, piling up votive stones, and sending paper prayer boats, touched off with a match, to burn on the temple ponds.

Expert Hairdressers.

Hair is to the Japanese almost what the toga was to the Roman. The gun-trigger style of hair dressing for men has gone down before Western civilization. The boys wear their hair short, and a shock of hair is to the little boy what breeches with pockets are to our children.

All the girls wear their hair in the same way until they are married. Even little girls require a hairdresser, for nobody but a professional could master the intricacies of the Japanese coiffure. It is to preserve this that the little pillows of wood and paper are used to sleep on. A greater sacrifice to vanity can scarcely be conceived. It is placed under the nape of the neck and grows stonier each hour. The boys can have cotton pillows.

Children Dress Like Elders.

The children all dress like their elders. There are no baby clothes. At 7 a girl gets her obi, or sash, which gives her a hump-backed look, but is to the Japanese what diamonds are to the Westerner.

Only little girls and geishas wear gay kimonos. A bevy of little girls together in their flower-like kimonos with long-winged sleeves is like a flock of bright-hued birds.

Dressed for any function, their faces are painted dazzling white and red. This is not to deceive. Paint is frankly a decoration.

Another mark of girlhood is the red petticoat. It is an oblong piece, folded around her and crossing in front. Now she begins those pigeonlike steps of the "Three Little Maids from School."

This is to keep her skirts together and not show her ankles, for in all Japan there is not a stocking. At the race course I have seen the knees of high-born young girls disclosed by the rude wind. When the girl marries she gets a white petticoat and changes her style of hairdressing.

But child life is not all play. The streets are full of school children with their bags of books.

Sweetly Soft Voices.

All Japan speaks softly. The children do not scream and yell even in play, and never in four months did I see a quarrel or fight. The teacher is held in such respect that until recently the children in reciting turned their backs, it being rude to stare him in the face.

In the Orient the children study aloud. This is to make sure they are studying.

Japan Has No Alphabet.

As there is no alphabet in Japan, the children have to commit as a starter, 3,000 Chinese characters, a mental effort which makes the foreigner understand the nimble, facile minds of these people.

The education of the boys and of the girls takes different directions. That of the girl is to make her the accomplished servant of the man.

If she is ill, she must conceal it. She must always be well and willing, with a smile on her lips and hands free to serve.

She is taught to sew and cook, to make herself attractive by playing the samisen and koto; and to execute what she thinks is singing. She must be skilled in the involved paths of Japanese etiquette, to go through the tea ceremony, the "O Chan Yu," the foundation of all elegance, and to arrange flowers according to her text books and rules—an accomplishment which makes our bouquets seem barbarous.

She does not dance. Geishas are paid to do that.

Both boys and girls must write well. Handwriting ranks as a virtue in Japan. This they do with a brush in vertical lines that read backward.

The boys' studies are more like those of our Western world. Chinese is their Latin and English their French. American textbooks are used.

They have athletic contests, tugs of war, and grotesque races, in which two boys are tied by the legs. There is an ancient contest known as taking the castle.

There are two bamboo towers over twelve feet high, covered with paper. There are besieged by opposing parties who bombard them with wooden balls. Inside are bowls filled with burning fluid.

The castle that takes fire first wins the game for the besiegers. In the end there is a glorious bonfire for both sides.

Loyalty the First Virtue.

But the chief thing taught to every boy is loyalty and devotion to the Emperor. Ask the boy what is the dearest thing in life and he answers, "To die for the Emperor."

This is the secret of the bravery of the Japanese soldiers.

It was a Japanese mother who, when her only son was brought home dead from the battlefield, smiled and said: "Then he was able to be of some service."

At the theater this loyalty is prominent in most plays. A celebrated play is "The Troubles of the House of Date."

The lord is a little child. His playmate is another child, his subject. A rival faction seeks to poison him. A box of candies is sent as a present. The child knows his duty and calmly eats on, dying that the trick might be exposed and his lord's life saved.

Jizu the Children's God.

In the long winter night, the children sit around the brazier of coals, which is the Japanese hearth, and listen to stories of the children's god, whose name is Jizu. When the children die they go to Jizu. Jizu wears a kimono with long sleeves, and when the goblins are after them they run and hide in these sleeves. Here are bits from a hymn to Jizu:

"Poor little soul, your life was brief indeed.

"So soon were you forced to make the weary journey to the Maido.

"Trust to me; I am now your father and mother in the Maido.

"Father of children in the region of the dead.

"And he plays with them and takes them in his arms."

GREAT DAMAGE DONE BY ROBINS

THE amazing statement is made on what seems to be the best authority that the law protecting robins enabled those birds to destroy $5,000,000 worth of fruit in New Jersey during the last season. This is the plaint of Henry Jeroloman, of Hilton, N. J., who is known throughout the United States as "King of Strawberry Growers." In urging a repeal of the State law protecting robins from slaughter Mr. Jeroloman says:

"I have been a fruit grower for more than thirty years, only in a small way, having about eight acres in fruit, one-half being in strawberries. Each season for more than twenty-five years I netted between $3,000 and $4,000 from the four acres of strawberries. For the past ten years, or since the law was passed protecting the robin, I have received little more than one-half of that amount. This season (1903), although I had the same amount of land in strawberries, I did not receive over $1,800, although I had one of the best crops for the past fifteen years. Fully one-third or more of my finest and largest fruit was picked by this bird.

"I have watched a single robin at work; he would run along a row, picking at the largest fruit only, and in less than two minutes I have known a single bird to destroy over two quarts of my largest fruit. They never stop to eat up a single berry, only hop along each row, making a hole in each large berry that has commenced to turn red on one side, thus destroying the fruit for market.

"My loss this season, a very low estimate, was fully $500 on strawberries alone, and caused by the robins. This is not the only fruit the robins destroy. Their destruction of early cherries and red raspberries was complete this season. As soon as the cherries showed a red side the robins went at them. From ten to twenty birds could be seen from daylight until dark all the time, in each tree, and in less than three days they did not leave me a single quart of good fruit; all you could find would be the stem, pit and the green side of each cherry still hanging to some of the trees.

"The records kept by the State will show that there are over 10,000 farms engaged in horticulture and fruit growing, nearly all much larger growers than myself. Now, taking my loss this year of strawberries alone ($500, which is a very low estimate), and putting each grower on a par with myself, $500 loss by each of the 10,000 growers will make the total loss $5,000,000."

OLDEST STREET CAR EMPLOYE IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

"Yes, I used to drive a 'bob-tail,' then I worked the 'Grip,' and now I am a motorman."

THE oldest street car employe in Washington is George W. Wenzel, motorman of car No. 321, of the Columbia line, running from Fifteenth and H Streets northeast to Fifteenth Street and New York Avenue northwest. Wenzel has been "railroading," as he calls it, thirty-three years. He began while the Columbia's first track was being laid, and as soon as the work was completed he drove one of the "bob-tailed" horse cars over the route. Later he drove a two-horse car, after the double track was laid. When the cable cars were put on he became a gripman, and when the cable gave way to the underground trolley he became a motorman, the job he holds today.

"I was born right here in Washington fifty years ago," said Wenzel to a reporter as he ran his car out of the barn at Fifteenth and H Streets northeast, and headed her for the west, "and I went to work on this line before the track was finished. I did all sorts of work until they got the single track in working order. Then I drove bob-tailed No. 4.

"There were ten cars in those days, and we used to haul lots of passengers to and from the Treasury and to and from the old Northern Liberty Market, which stood where the Carnegie Library is now. After a while they laid a double track along the same line and put on two-horse cars. I want to tell you, boy, that there's a heap of difference in the route now and the route in those days. There were very few houses east of the Government Printing Office, and it was like driving along a country road.

"I took to being gripman easy enough when the horse cars were done away with, and had no trouble learning to be a motorman. I've got six stripes on my sleeve, every one of which stands for five years' service, and in two years I'll have my seventh."

THE NEW "LIBRARY SCIENCE"

"TRAINING librarians is one of the new professions that is coming rapidly into vogue. It is known technically as 'Library Science,' and is taught at but few universities, of which Columbian University in this city is one," said Prof. Cutter, one of the instructors of that institution.

"One of the most interesting things about it is that it is a profession equally suited to men and women. In fact, in the number of its members the latter predominate, and their proportions in its ranks are increasing every year, so that in a world crying for new occupations providing a living for the educated women who would be self-dependent it is a boon. The rewards are substantial and the work interesting.

"As a profession it has been in existence only since 1888; yet in methods and membership it has made rapid strides. Its graduates now hold degrees attesting their proficiency.

Inspired by Carnegie.

"Ever since Andrew Carnegie's fancy for library founding set a new fashion in philantropy, there has been an increasing demand for the right kind of persons to organize new libraries and manage existing ones. It is not an occupation in which even an energetic and well-educated man or woman can shine without training, and in past years that training has been hard to get. It is very largely technical, and it cannot be satisfactorily acquired in a few weeks by any worker, however earnest the worker may be.

"If the making of librarians had been left to the old chance methods the usefulness of the book-lending institutions which are springing up all over the country would be very much less than it is. Hitherto good librarians have been born not made, and their number, that is, the number who can give the public the most good for the least expenditure—is small.

Demand for Trained Librarians.

"Libraries, however quiet and peaceful they may look, are busy workshops for the people who run them, and they have little time to instruct novices in the science of the business. Each employe must devote himself to the one part of the work which falls to his share and he can know little of the rest except what he may learn by accident and absorption of methods. Yet there is a constant demand for trained librarians and cataloguers.

"Till within the last few years there was no place where they could be trained. So it was not uncommon for young men and women of good parts, just the very people to manage a library in the right way if they knew how to go about it to search in vain for opportunities to fit themselves for the work.

College-Bred Students Preferred.

"College-bred students are preferred because they are a picked class selected from the best material throughout the country; their training has already given them a wider culture and a broader literary view than the average, and their college discipline enables them to work with quick precision and steady application rarely otherwise gained.

"There are only four library schools in this country, exclusive of the summer schools, the work of which, of course, must be superficial. Of these four, only one other, that in Illinois, affords a full two years' course, as the Columbian school does. But more are already planned in other States, and there is no prospect that the supply of trained librarians will be short in years to come."

One of the directors of the school was asked a few days ago whether men or women are likely to succeed best as librarians.

"I believe that there should be both in most libraries," was the reply. "They go at things differently and each fills a different need. With both in a library there are better results.

"Some of the people who write to us to recommend a librarian say, 'Of course, we want a woman.' Now, I think that sometimes is a mistake. A man can do some things which a woman cannot. For instance, some public libraries now are trying to send out books to fire engine houses, and to similar places where they will be appreciated and do good.

Selection of Books.

"How should a woman librarian know what firemen and men of that kind would like to read? How can she send them the right kind of books. A man can go around in these places, get acquainted with the men, and find out what they like. A woman would have difficulty in doing that. So I would say to public libraries, have a man on your staff.

"This, however, does not imply that women do not accomplish excellent results, and that their usefulness is not being more and more recognized. There is room for both in the libraries. The natural qualifications for a successful librarian are defined in this way:

Knowledge and Executive Ability.

"There are three distinct qualifications and it is desirable to have a balance of the three. First, there is book knowledge and instinct; a genuine love of books, not as an article of merchandise, but as friends and educators. Then the librarian must have the faculty of arranging and administering library affairs; he must not be a mere book worm. Therefore, a certain amount of executive ability is required.

"Lastly, he must know how to handle people. To advance the interests of his library he will have to get a lot of things which, maybe, people won't want to give him. He must know how to get them in the right way, and not merely to be sweet and amiable to people without accomplishing anything by it. He must have in some degree the art of which the able diplomat is a master, the art of geting what you want.

"When I say he, of course, I mean she as well. It is not necessary to have one or all of these qualities in the highest degree. A balance of them is preferable. If the candidate has that he—or she—should make a successful librarian.

Liberal Salaries Paid.

"As to the financial rewards of success to be obtained in the librarian's profession, they have steadily increased. Women graduates of the school usually command a salary of $900 a year at the beginning; men more often begin at $1,200. Students who can show certificates for only a year's work obtain something less, usually from $700 to $900.

LONGSTREET AND GORDON

IT has often been said that Stonewall Jackson and General Longstreet were the two Confederate leaders most feared by the Federal soldiers. Longstreet was always cool in action, but a great fighter, and adored by his men.

Howell Carter, who wrote a very interesting book called "A Cavalryman's Reminiscences," in which he tells of the experiences of the First Louisiana Cavalry, says that Longstreet won the hearts of the Louisianians at Chickamauga.

"General Longstreet had come over with about 5,000 infantry to re-enforce General Bragg," says Carter. "Company A of the First Louisiana Cavalry was ordered to report to Longstreet as a bodyguard, and Company E, with a portion of C, was ordered to report to General Hood for the same purpose. When the order first came, the boys of A laughed at the others, saying, 'We are the escort of a lieutenant general and will stand off and look at you fellows with your little major generals right up behind the fighting lines.'

"But when the battle was raging, bullets flying as thick as hail; shells bursting all around us, whom should we see, riding along with a toothpick in his mouth, as though he had just arisen from a quiet dinner, but Longstreet, with Company A trotting along behind him. This amused the rest of the boys, and as A passed by they were guyed unmercifully, and told that lieutenant generals in some armies liked to view the battle from a distance, but the old Rebs wanted to be in it all the time."

Longstreet had orders from General Lee to come from Chickamauga to the Wilderness and help him out. Longstreet arrived in the thick of the fight, with 10,000 men. He left his men at the edge of the battle and hurried to General Lee.

"General Longstreet," said Lee. "You will please take your men to that hill, form them as quickly as possible, and go into battle."

Longstreet took a look at the hilltop indicated, which was half a mile or more away.

"General," he replied, "I can form my men in hell. I don't need to walk them half a mile to a hill top."

General Lee, who had little patience with profanity, did not relish Longstreet's remark, but he more than admired his spirit.

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It was at Gettysburg that an English army officer who had been sent over to watch the operations of the two armies, came across Longstreet, seated on a rail fence amid a hail of bullets, watching the fight with glasses.

"I would not miss this for anything, general," said the enthusiastic young soldier.

"The hell you wouldn't!" said Longstreet, without taking down his glasses.

* * *

There are few persons who know that General Grant was introduced to his wife by General Longstreet. Such is the case, however, for Mrs. Grant, who was Miss Julia Dent, was a cousin of the Confederate general. Longstreet and Grant were both in the United States Army at the time.

* * *

When Longstreet joined the Republican party the feeling against him was very bitter among his old comrades. The first intimation the South got of it was when General Longstreet, upon the occasion of a political parade in New Orleans, rode in the carriage with one Mike Hahn, a famous "carpet-bagger" uncommonly odious to the people of Louisiana. For some time none of the leading citizens of New Orleans would speak to Longstreet, but after awhile some of the bitterness wore off.

Apropos of this state of affairs, Mrs. L. Q. C. Lamar, wife of the great Mississippian, used to tell a story. Mrs. Lamar and Longstreet were first cousins, and Longstreet, whose father died when the general was a child, was brought up by Mrs. Lamar's father.

"We were all so angry with Jimmy," said Mrs. Lamar, "for joining the Republican party that we swore we would never speak to him again. I hadn't seen him for several years, until one day I got off at a railroad junction in Georgia to take another train. The first person I saw was Jimmy. He saw me at the same time, and the first thing we knew we were on each other's arms, kissing each other and crying like children. He was just like my brother, and I was so glad to see him I forgot everything else but our childhood days and his greatness as a Confederate soldier."

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A sample of General Gordon's wonderful eloquence and power over his hearers was given during the Presidential campaign of 1884. It was on election night and the returns were very close, but showed a slight lead for Cleveland. A crowd of roughs were sent from the Republican headquarters in New York city around to the Democratic headquarters to put up a bluff. They came howling and making threats. The late Major N. T. N. Robinson was on the first floor of the headquarters building when they arrived. Most of the Democrats lost their nerve, but they were ordered to go out and shout for Cleveland. Major Robinson then went to General Gordon, who was upstairs and told him what was happening. Gordon rushed down to the front steps and began speaking. At first his voice was drowned, but he soon got control of the crowd and ended by driving the Republicans away in silence.

He told them that Cleveland was elected and that he would take his seat if force of arms was necessary to land him in the White House. It was a critical moment, and it has been often said that Gordon's nerve started the determined fight that was made by the Democrats for several days after the election, and which resulted in the conceding of Cleveland's election.

HARVESTING ICE FOR SUMMER

"WHILE Washingtonians are complaining of the cold weather that has recently visited this vicinity, the ice harvesters have been preparing the cooling blocks that will help cool the necessities of 'the good old summer time,'" said R. J. Baycliff, of Rochester, at the Raleigh yesterday.

"To those who have never witnessed the work of filling the large ice houses, and know only in a vague way how it is conducted, a knowledge of the magnitude of the industry and the fascinating interest of the work comes as a revelation.

"The season for the last five or six years has begun in January and has been conducted for four or five weeks, according to the weather. The required thickness of the ice harvested is generally from ten to fourteen inches, although eight inches has been cut. Twenty-three-inch ice was cut one year, but this was an exceptionally long, cold season, five years ago. When the harvest is to commence the army of workmen arrives, and from then until the close of the season the scene is one of great activity. The workmen are chiefly farmers from the surrounding country, yet many laboring men obtain employment. No more instructive or interesting sight can be imagined than that of the army of workmen cutting, packing, and in other ways preparing the ice for storage and shipment. The wages paid the men range from 20 to 30 cents per hour.

"The temperature desired to make ice of the best quality is twenty degrees. Intense cold produces ice of inferior quality, it being too brittle, and irregular weather, with frequent warm days, makes the ice honeycombed. The first stage of harvesting is to cut a channel from the ice house to the field where the ice is cut. The cakes which are cut from the channels are not housed, but are pushed under the surrounding ice, and the channel is kept clear for the rafts which are floated down from the field where they are cut.

Field Cleared of Snow.

"When the field has been selected, it is cleared of snow by scrapers which are ten feet in width, hold one ton of snow each, and are drawn by horses. After the field has been cleared a line is stretched along the edge of it and this is used as a guide in marking the field into cakes. The ice is then cut about two inches deep by a marker which consists of two parallel runners twenty-two inches apart. It is drawn over the field making a double mark, in one of which it runs a second time and a new mark is added, this being kept up until the entire field is marked with parallel lines running one way. The lines which cross these at right angles are then marked, but are farther apart, making cakes twenty-two by thirty.

"After the ice has been marked for cutting the plows go over the surface, and, following the marks, cut the ice about an inch deep each trip. This is continued until the ice has been cut down to about four inches of the bottom. By means of handsaws the workmen then go along the edge of the field and cut the ice into rafts. They take their positions about twenty-five cakes apart and saw back into the field a distance of twenty-five cakes. The ice rafts of five hundred cakes are then attached only at the back edge and workmen strike the furrows there with pointed iron rods, separating the floe from the field. This large checkerboard raft is then pushed by means of a large pole, down through the open water to the mouth of the channel, where it is broken into smaller rafts.

"An average of 150 acres of ice is harvested each season, five acres being a day's work. During the work a great deal of ice is shipped.

Rafts Floated Down.

"After the ice has been cut into rafts and floated down to the channel, the large rafts are broken into smaller ones called 'fours' from the fact that they are four cakes wide. It is a common sight to see a man or plow, or even a team of horses floating down on an ice raft, but sometimes it breaks, letting man and horse into the water. A 'choke rope' is a part of each horse's equipage, so that if a horse falls into the water the rope is pulled, the horse's breath is shut off and he floats to the surface and is rescued.

"The fours are pushed in a continuous line through the channel until they come within 200 feet of the conveyer, which carries the ice to the large houses, and here they are broken in 'twos,' which in time are pushed to the conveyer, where they are broken into separate cakes twenty-two and thirty inches in size, and are then taken up into storage.

"When the weather becomes intensely cold the men are obliged to work all night to keep the channel clear. They prevent it from freezing over by walking along the course and pushing rafts of 'fours' through it. One year the cold became so intense that the cakes of ice froze to the conveyer and could not be loosened for an entire day. This was at the time when the ice was twenty-two inches thick.

"The conveyer is similar to a straw carrier, but is vastly larger. It runs into the water, lifts the ice cakes, two at a time, and then carries them to the ice houses more than 1,000 feet away. The cakes weigh 200 pounds each, and fifty-six pass up each minute. When near the house they pass under a planer, which shaves them smooth. Workmen are stationed along the platform on which the conveyer runs, to push the cakes off into the proper openings in the icehouse. Five tons of ice are housed this way every minute."